

Rhythmic
Studies of
The Word.

J. M. Cavaness.



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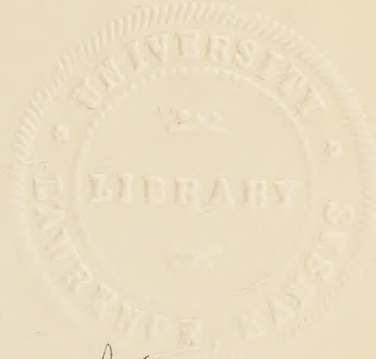
Dr. Frank Strong,

Lawrence,

Kansas,

October, 1925.

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With compliments of
the author,
J M Bavariness.
Chantre Kaw.

Rhythmic Studies of The Word

By

J. M. CAVANESS



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I Dedicate This Book
TO MY ONLY AND BELOVED DAUGHTER,
Mrs. J. Luther Taylor,
WITH A FATHER'S AFFECTION.



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INTRODUCTION.

The influence of the Bible on English literature is beyond estimation. "The first Englishman—it may be the first individual of the Gothic race—who exchanged the gorgeous images of the old mythology for the chaste beauties of Christian poetry," Caedmon, drew his inspiration and his themes from the Bible. He was a man from the common life, having the human task of caring for the cattle of the monastery at Whitby. The legend is that in his sleep one came to him, and demanded of him a song. He complained that he was without the poet's gift. None the less, that very night he did begin to sing paraphrases of the Bible, Genesis, Exodus, and many other Scripture tales. He of the common life was the first to write true poetry in the English tongue. And may I not add how the Venerable Bede, translator of John, was the first writer of old English prose, and Wycliffe, first translator of the whole Bible, was the father of modern English prose. Thus the Bible has stood at the beginnings of our literature. And in its own right, as Froude and Milton and Macaulay and Green assure us, and certainly by virtue of what through three hundred lustrums it has inspired in English verse, the Bible has stood at the mountain peak of our literature. Moreover, the Bible has hallowed and sanctified our literature.

The call that came to Caedmon, of the common life, in the beginnings of Christianity in England, has been heard all along the subsequent generations. This little volume is such a response as has been made by songsters innumerable. Up from the choir of the common life this little volume comes,

responding to the inner compulsion that a song shall be sung of the Word of God. It is written by one who is responsive to the moods and the variations with which the Great Poet has revealed His harmonies in nature and in His written Word. No longer young, the writer of this book, J. M. Cavaness, has all his life been listening for and hearing the notes of woods and prairie grasses and flowers, the notes of such streams and fields as the Shepherd Psalmist wandered among, of sunset skies such as Habbakuk saw, but nowhere more deep or thrilling than those which bend over the sunflower prairies.

In a former volume of verse, "Poems by Two Brothers," Mr. Cavaness caught the music of the prairies and the civilization rising thereon. This little book will show that he has not only "Considered the Lilies of the Field," but those also of Holy Writ. For forty years his songs have risen amid the choir of the common life; they have appeared in the periodical literature of the West, making him a familiar companion in innumerable lives.

It is a pleasure to write this brief introduction, not of the poems but of the man and friend—the life-long student, the lover of books, the gentle but stalwart toiler in the common life, the writer, editor, churchman, Christian. These verses, beginning with the first verse of the Bible and ending with the last, go forth vocalizing the responses of a disciple and poet who through a long life has walked afield through nature, through the world of men, and especially, as a pupil and lover, through the Word of God, at home anywhere with the Great Poet, whether in the palimpsest of nature or among the sublimities and tendernesses of His Holy Word.

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER.

THE WORD.

With radiance pure from near or far,
Thy Word is the unfailing star
That leads us by inerrant flights
From lowly plains to heavenly heights.

Revealing with celestial ray
The better part, the narrow way,
It dowers souls with earnest quest
Of realms that lure to peace and rest.

It is a sword that rends apart
The robe that hides a wayward heart,
And genders unremitting strife
That foreordains to death—or life.

It is a shelter and a shield
To those in tumults dire a-field,
Empowering feeblest saints to win
Where thickest fly the darts of sin.

It is a fire, Spirit controlled,
That burns the dross, and leaves the gold
In lives whose sacrifice and loss
Are recompensed in Calvary's Cross.

With reverent minds we con the Word,
As misers gaze upon their hoard;
Beyond we take our treasured lore;
They leave behind their golden store.

Oh, may the living Word abide
With us until the eventide,
And leave us not till night forlorn
Shall flee before the eternal Morn.

"IN THE BEGINNING GOD—"

Gen. 1: 1.

Back of millenniums, years on years,
Back of the infinite azure seas;
Back of the music of whirling spheres,
Back of the sway of Pleiades;
Back of the highways by suns untrod
Standeth the One everlasting God.

Before the blush of creation's morn,
Or thru the ether the planets whirled;
Before Arcturus and his sons were born,
Or skies were burnished with world on world,
Where the high archangels of heaven trod,
Standeth the One everlasting God.

Back of the earth without form and void,
Back of the glacier's swirl and sweep;
Back of the continents, earthquake toyed,
Back of the mountain range, heap on heap;
Ere lily or cedar adorned the sod,
Standeth the One everlasting God.

Before the covering cherubim
Sang in the highest a pæan of joy;
Before the swift-flying seraphim,
In holiest ministries sought employ,
Or the angel chorus poured forth its flood,
Standeth the One everlasting God.

Before the Sin with its woe and shame;
Before the Tempter and Eden's loss;
Before the Savior in travail came;
Before the sorrow of Calvary's Cross—
The mocking crown and the scourging rod—
Standeth the One everlasting God.

AND THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING
WERE THE FIRST DAY.

Gen. 1:5.

First the darkness brooding o'er the deep,
Then the dawning day;
First all nature in a long, long sleep,
Then spring's roundelay.

Nights of sorrow may be drear and long,
Joy comes with the morn;
The travailing mother lifts a song,
When a son is born.

Joseph slowly walks the prison floor,
Desolate and lone;
Yet when opens wide that iron door,
He ascends a throne.

Silent Bunyan sits behind the bars;
Dreams his spirit fill;
Thru his Pilgrim, led by heavenly stars,
He is preaching still.

Suffering, dying, in the Mamertine,
To a soldier bound,
Paul writes letters with his stylus keen,
That his foes confound.

Centuries beneath the oppressor's rod,
Cringed the Israel host;
Yet a race was born to honor God,
When the sea was crossed.

Pilgrims driven from their native land,
Brave the ocean's ire,
Build an altar on the icy strand;
There light Freedom's fire.

Thus the Lord His chosen leads
In an unknown way,
Knowing well the spirit darkness needs,
Ere dawns endless day.

Like the surging sea-waves rolls the song,
Honoring the King;
'Tis the chorus of the blood-washed throng,
Angels can not sing.



THE MAN OF FAITH.

Gen. 15: 5, 6.

When with his servants he had put
The warring kings to flight,
The Lord God came and spake to him,
In visions of the night.
"Fear not," the visitor began,
And thus his faint heart cheered;
"I am thy shield and hiding place,
And will be thy reward."

Then to the heavenly messenger
The patriarch boldly said:
"Childless I go; my pilgrimage
On earth is almost fled."
"Go forth," the Lord God spake again,
"And count the stars above;
So shall thy seed be; canst thou count
These children of My love?"

'T is not Arcturus and his sons
That light the midnight sky,
Nor singing Pleiades in flight;
So wondrous to the eye;
Nor all the host of Milky Way,
Obeying heaven's law,
In such transcendent harmony,
That fill the soul with awe.

It is the man who stood beneath
The myriad stars on high,
And reckoned not with flesh and blood,
Nor reasoned how nor why,
O man of faith, O man of God,
The heavens above outflame,
From night to night, from age to age,
The glory of thy name.



THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Gen. 16: 13.

By hand unfatherly and stern,
Banished from cherished scenes of home,
Hunger and thirst my vitals burn,
As scorching sands I sadly roam,
O can it be
God seest me?

To heaven I lift my plaintive cry,
The only speech my lips can frame;
The earth is iron, brass the sky;
Why should I perish in this flame?
O can it be
Thou hearest me?

He saw and heard, and then drew near
His angel on refreshing wings,
Discovering, with word of cheer,
A well, with deep and cooling springs;
O why these fears!
He sees and hears.

A Saul may strike on earth below,
And drag to prison and to death;
The Christ in heaven feels each blow,
And meets the foe in love, not wrath;
The Father knows,
And feels our woes.



JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28: 12.

The day with flaming torch has lit
His camp-fires in the distant west;
The swift-winged swallows round him flit,
Then fly to refuges of rest.

Far from his home, an alien land,
With weary, faltering feet, he trod,
With empty heart and empty hand,
Alone, all, all alone with God.

The silent stars seemed heaven's eyes
That burn him with their scorching fire,
As ghosts before him rose the lies
That roused a brother's vengeful ire.

The lazy clouds sailed slowly on,
The camp-fires died out in the west,
And with his head upon a stone,
He solace sought of sleep and rest.

In dreams a ladder raised its head
From earth to heaven's open gate,
And angels upward, downward sped
Its glowing rounds with joy elate.

'T was not for him the ladder stood,
A way of egress from his foe,
But for the angels who to God
Bore prayers of penitential woe.

There's gladness in the angel heart,
And radiance in the angel face,
When men from sinful ways depart,
And seek the Lord's forgiving grace.

From every spot of earth where lies
A soul in penitence and prayer,
A ladder reaches to the skies,
And waiting angels gather there.



THE PEOPLE MURMURED AGAINST MOSES.

Ex. 15: 24.

Of what avail were plague and scourge
That desolated Egypt's land?
Of what avail was ocean's surge
That stood like walls on either hand?
Had mortal hunger left no trace
Of gratitude in Israel's race?

Had they so soon forgot the fire
That lit their path from coast to coast?
Was there no terror in the ire
For them that fell on Pharaoh's host?
What better was this murmuring crew
Than Egypt's sons the angels slew?

Surely Thy mercies reach the clouds,
O Lord, and no man comprehends
The mystery Thy will enshrouds,
In working out Thy mighty ends;
And an eternity of days
Could not reveal to us Thy ways.

For who can trace on land or sea
The pathway of Thy coming feet;
That bondage brings, or liberty;
To some a crown, to some defeat.
Thy thoughts are high as seraphs dwell,
And deeper than the nether hell.

Earth's nations, Lord, are but a drop
In the great ocean of Thy grace;
And as a boy would whirl a top,
Thou dost consign them to their place,
And in Thine orbit must they move
Upon the footstool of Thy love.



**BEHOLD, I WILL SEND AN ANGEL BEFORE
THEE TO KEEP THEE.**

Ex. 23: 20.

From ways that lead to fairy isles,
Where sirens sport and sing;
And weave enchantment by their wiles,
That bind one foot and wing,
O angel sweet
Keep thou my feet.

From ways that lead to sordid ease,
And waste of God-given time;
And scenes the fancy only please,

And end in want or crime,
O angel sweet,
Keep thou my feet.

From ways that glitter with the gain
Of gold that blinds the eye
To beauties scattered o'er the plain,
And wonders in the sky,
O angel sweet,
Keep thou my feet.

From ways imperiled by pretense,
Pursued by fools and blind;
And paths enticing to the sense,
The bane of human kind,
O angel sweet,
Keep thou my feet.

From ways whose only end is fame,
As fleeting as man's breath;
And those that lead to sin and shame,
And everlasting death,
O angel sweet,
Keep thou my feet.



MORN BY MORN.

Deut. 33: 25.

Morn by morn God's ancient people
Gathered manna for the day;
Present strength for present burdens
Is the Lord's appointed way.

Dost thou in thy heavenly journey
See a lion in the street?
It is chained and can not harm thee;
Onward press with steady feet.

Does a mountain in the distance
Rise, and fill thee with despair?
Climb its sides, and on its summit
Breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Is a river in the pathway
'Twixt thee and the mount of God?
Smite it with faith's mighty mantle;
Thou shalt cross it then dry-shod.

Tho a desert should surround thee,
And its sands about thee roll,
It hath oases with fountains
Where thou canst refresh thy soul.

Child of heaven, why then borrow
Troubles for some future day?
Coming woes like coming darkness
With the morn shall flee away.

O my blessed Lord and Master,
Give Thy child, I humbly plead,
Daily strength for daily trial,
Daily grace for daily need.



COME UP IN THE MORNING.

Ex. 34: 2.

I would ascend the mount of God,
The Horeb of Thy law and love,
Above the ways by sinners trod,
Its paths of darkness, far above
Earth's mists and fogs and damps so drear,
Above its poisoned atmosphere.

There would I spend an hour with One
Who strength imparteth for the day,
Who will to me be shield and sun,
To guard and guide me in the way

Of life and truth and righteousness,
In works that will my neighbor bless.

Descending from the mountain high,
From fellowship divinely sweet,
When I my brother-men draw nigh,
In home and market place and street,
As 't was with Moses, light divine
Will linger on this face of mine.

Blest mornings in the mount of God,
The Horebs of His love and law,
What visions clear and high and broad!
What inward rapture, blissful awe!
Its pure air makes my spirit whole,
Rebuilds the temple of my soul.



THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

Deut. 33: 27.

With soul unsatisfied and wild,
Never at ease or still,
I was a wayward, wandering child,
And loved my own sweet will.

The night grew dark around my path,
The sky with clouds o'erspread;
The tempest spent its furious wrath
On my unsheltered head.

My guilty spirit was distressed;
I could not find my way;
I longed for succor, longed for rest,
Longed for the light of day.

Amid the gloom I heard a voice
Say, "Peace, peace, troubled heart;"
Its sweet tones made my soul rejoice,
And every fear depart;

"I am thy Refuge from the storm,
From ills that may assail;
My love thy spirit shall transform,
My grace shall never fail."

He took me to His heart's embrace,
His love was healing balm;
And as I looked into His face,
My troubled soul grew calm.

The heavens may vanish like a scroll,
And perish sea and land—
Nothing shall pluck my trusting soul
From His almighty hand.



RALLY DAY HYMN.

Joshua 24: 15.

Into Thy house with one accord,
Lord, let us come to-day,
With minds intent upon Thy Word,
With purpose to obey.

We gather as a family here
To praise our common Lord,
As oft we meet when harvest cheer
Enrich the family board.

May discord never find a place
In this our temple-home;
Instead let Love, best gift of grace,
In every heart find room.

And may this household ever be
The Father's special care,
Until we meet beyond life's sea
In mansions far more fair.

HE HELD HIS PEACE.

1 Sam. 10: 27.

"How shall this Man save us," was the cry
The sons of Belial made,
When on Him of kingly form and eye,
The prophet's hands were laid.

They looked not above, nor saw the power
That gave untold increase
To Man's arm, so He abode His hour,
And wisely held His peace.

"How can this man save us," cried the mob
That stood on Calvary's crest,
When with low-bowed head the last heart throb
Died in the Nazarene's breast.

They saw not with eye of hope and faith
A kingdom's sure increase,
And a race redeemed by love, not wrath—
So Jesus held His peace.



THE LORD SEEST NOT AS MAN SEEST.

1 Sam. 16: 7.

Man sees the cloud upon the brow,
And thinks of inward sorrow;
The ear of God records the vow
That breaks in praise to-morrow.

Man sees the tears of penitence,
As dismal rain drops falling;
They seem as pearls of opulence,
The eye divine enthraling.

Man sees a soul in agony,
The hands in anguish wringing;
In heaven there is ecstasy—
Among the angels singing.

Man sees a ragged prodigal,
Among the swineherd feeding;
The Heavenly Father sees a soul
For food and pardon pleading.

Man sees the travail and the pain
With which the world is riven;
But God sees Love return to reign
In a new earth and heaven.



“FAINT, YET PURSUING.”

Judges 8:4.

'T is hard to climb the steeps of life;
The rugged road
Is filled with thorns and rocks and strife
That bruise and goad.

I find, when by the heat oppressed,
A cool retreat;
But only for a moment rest
My weary feet.

The skies behind grow dark and dun;
The dawning day
Grows brighter as I onward run
The heavenly way.

Before me has gone One who knows
Each rock and thorn,
Who will not let my soul by woes
Be overborne.

The clouds are filled with witnesses
About my path,
And I am ever watched by these
In love, not wrath.

The road may be a winding way,
And trod with pain,
And yet I find, day after day,
A higher plain.

Faint-hearted, yet pursuing still,
I see the goal,
By faith's clear eye on Zion's hill—
Press on, my soul.



UNDER THE JUNIPER TREE.

1 Kings 19: 4.

Under the juniper tree he sat,
Weary and sad and worn;
Night had settled upon his heart,
With never a promise of morn.
Let me now die, he moaned aloud,
Sad failure has marked my life;
O Lord, now take me unto Thyself,
And end the unequal strife.

Under the juniper tree he lay,
Far out in the desert wild,
But his Father and Friend above
Had not forgotten His child;
Weary of limb, and more weary of heart,
He fell into troubled sleep,
Hoping within his inmost soul,
No more to waken and weep.

Under the juniper tree he slept,
The sleep of the brave and just;
Far from the homes and haunts of men,
With never a morsel or crust;
But he was aroused by an angel's touch,
Who bade him arise and eat;
He then arose from his troubled dreams,
And ate of the angel's meat.

Under the juniper tree he stood,
With courage new born and strong;
With heart renewed by the angel's food,
He began his journey long;
And for forty full days and nights
The wild desert land he trod,
Until he came with unwearied feet
To Horeb, the mount of God.

Under the juniper tree I sit,
O Lord, in a desert land,
Burdened with griefs too heavy to bear,
Enfeebled in heart and hand;
Touch me, sweet angel, and let me eat
Thy heavenly food of love,
That I may journey across the waste
To the Horeb of God above.



WHERE SHALL I FIND HIM?

Job. 23: 3.

God does not walk amid the stars,
Or tread the Milky Way;
He dwells not in the sunset bars,
That gleam at close of day.

He rides not on the winter's storm,
Nor in the summer breeze;
Nor do we see His face and form
In mountains, skies, or seas.

These are but shadows of His power,
Faint traces of His skill,
The elements He doth endower
To work His sovereign will.

None but the pure in heart shall see
Jehovah face to face;
And only souls that love can be
For Him a dwelling place.



THE WONDROUS WORKS OF GOD.

Job 37: 14.

I walk in silence 'neath the sky,
That canopy of light and love,
Where seen and unseen wonders move
In panoramic harmony.

There I behold the trailing clouds,
The garments of the mighty One,
Whose borders wide a lavish sun
Adorns with gold in full-tide floods.

I see His goings 'mid the pines,
In sweeping storms, refreshing rains;
I hear His footsteps on the plains,
In bending grass and rustling vines.

While earth's the footstool of His feet,
His majesty o'erleaps the stars,
And morn and eve the gate unbars,
Where, touched with fire, His chariots meet.

I stand in reverential awe,
While listening to His thunders roll,
And yet He whispers to my soul,
"My law is love, My love is law."

He who the heavens hath unfurled
Perfects the daisy by my path;
And there is reason in His wrath
That blights a rose, or wrecks a world.

And He who threw these orbs in space,
And crowns with glory every star,
My spirit's prison can unbar,
And beautify me by His grace.



HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE.

Psa. 1:3.

'T is not the branches, not the leaves,
Where tints of gold the sun inweaves,
Nor yet the sturdy trunk that tells
Where life, incipient, active, dwells.

Within the fructifying mold,
That moisture from the rivers hold;
In the warm breast of Mother Earth,
The giant tree is given birth.

'T is not in feature, form or face
The life-divine in man hath place,
But where soul-currents unseen move,
In channels of atoning love.



HOW EXCELLENT IS THY NAME.

Psa. 8:1.

I thank Thee, Father, for Thy grace,
In ways unnumbered shown;
I thank Thee for Thy smiling face,
That makes Thy goodness known.

My skies are clear, the sun above
Comes like a healing balm;
And in my spirit shines Thy love,
And brings a holy calm.

I see Thee in each blooming flower,
In every blade of grass;
I see Thy care and guiding power
In birds that northward pass.

Thy loving voice speaks unto me
In every passing breeze;
Thy glory in the clouds I see,
And in the waving trees.

The clouds and trees Thy garments are,
In which Thy form I trace;
But I can see in flower and star
Faint glimpses of Thy face.

When nature's scenes o'erwhelm my soul,
I touch Thy garment's hem,
And know that I have been made whole,
And wear love's diadem.



LOVE ONLY SATISFIES.

Psa. 15: 17.

A secret longing in my breast
Begets within my soul unrest;
I traverse woodland, plain and street,
With ear attent, with eager feet,
In daylight fair, 'neath glittering star,
And tho I wander near and far,
Yet still my soul within me cries,
There's naught, there's naught that satisfies.

I read the lives of good and great;
Their glorious deeds, their high estate;
Their mighty thoughts uplift my soul,
And bear me toward a richer goal;
But soon the floodtide ebbs away,
And leaves my feet in miry clay,
And then again my spirit cries,
There's naught in man that satisfies.

I breathe the springtime's balmy air;
There's beauty, beauty everywhere;
The fragrance of a thousand flowers
My very senses overpowers;
But soon the flowers fade and fall,
And winter's clouds become their pall;
Again my soul within me cries,
There's naught on earth that satisfies.

I stand beneath the star-gemmed skies,
Unseen except by heaven's eyes,
And bathed in their resplendent rays,
Am lost in wonder, awe, and praise;
Yet, as these glories I survey,
Adown the west they fade away,
And as they fade my soul still cries,
There's naught above that satisfies.

I take the wings of morning's light,
And toward the mountains turn my flight;
Each peak, crowned with eternal snows,
In panoramic splendor glows;
The sun declines, the glories fade,
And as the night's encircling shade
Draws on, again my spirit cries,
There's naught in these that satisfies.

With saddened heart one gloomy day,
I wander thru the "dolorous way;"
It leads me out to Calvary's height;
There I behold a marvelous sight;

By faith I see the crimson tide
That flows from Christ, the Crucified;
Because He loves me, thus He dies;
'T is love, Christ's love, that satisfies.



THE DIVINE GENTLENESS.

Psa. 18: 35.

I loved to do my own sweet will;
I loved to walk my own dear way;
And yet God never did me ill,
Nor turned to night my garish day;
His gentle hand hath led me still,
And been my strength and guide and stay.

I wandered like a wayward sheep,
Upon the mountains bleak and bare,
And yet with eyes that could not sleep
He sought me with a shepherd's care;
My name oft falling from His lip
Upon the slumbrous midnight air.

Like a young bird that leaves its nest,
To try its weak and unfledged wing,
I thought my own new powers to test,
But failed in each endeavoring;
And yet He called me to His breast,
With voice without rebuke or sting.

He led me as a father leads
His child along a thorny road,
Supplying all my daily needs,
When hunger pressed or thorns would goad;
O'erlooking many foolish deeds,
And lifting many a heavy load.

However much I may have grown
In Christly spirit or estate;
Whatever fruits I may have shown,
Ripening in early life or late,
God's goodness in it all I own—
His gentleness hath made me great.



I SHALL NOT WANT.

Psa. 23: 1.

I shall not want the light of Life
Upon the path I tread;
Nor strength for any mortal strife
Of hand or heart or head.

I shall not want the light of Truth,
Its precepts line on line;
Nor painful discipline in ruth
To teach me things divine.

I shall not want the light of Love—
The harbinger of peace,
That brings all blessings from above,
And perfect righteousness.

All things are mine if I in Christ
Shall live each day and hour,
And unto Him have sacrificed
My every ransomed power.

THE REDEMPITIVE GOD.

Psa. 23: 3.

Redemption is a part of God.—*Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.*

The north wind comes with chilling breath,
And sweeps o'er woodland, hill, and plain,
And touches everything with death,
And binds it with an icy chain;
But springtime's warmth and summer's sheen
Return with their awakening powers,
And clothe the earth with robes of green,
All diademed with radiant flowers.

A storm-cloud gathers on the sea,
And devastates the land in wrath,
Uprooting shrub and plant and tree,
Leaving destruction in its path;
But nature comes with wine and balm,
And heals the wounds the storm king made,
And brings again the rose and palm,
And song of bird in forest glade.

A storm of sin and wrath and hate
Swept down the centuries of time;
Dethroned man from his high estate,
Engulfing him in woe and crime;
Upon the winds of heaven came
One quick to pity, strong to save;
He rescued man from flood and flame,
And said "Be still" to wind and wave.

The voice that cursed the barren tree,
Transformed the water into wine;
He who condemned the Pharisee,
Spake cleansing to the lepers nine;
The hands that scourge the sinner long
Are readier far to soothe and bless;
The arms outstretched against the wrong,
Would sooner fold us in caress.

There is no God of wrath above,
There is no Christ of hate below;
God's chastisements are born of love,
Christ punishes for weal, not woe;
To those who deep repentance feel
Beauty for ashes He will give;
God only wounds that He may heal,
The Spirit kills to make alive.



HEAVEN EVER LIES ABOUT US.

Psa. 34: 7.

Heaven ever lies about us,
Like the ambient atmosphere,
Peopled with immortal beings,
Sent to comfort, warn, and cheer.
Like the welcome birds of springtime,
Singing 'mid the budding trees,
So the angels sing unto us
In the whisperings of the breeze.

Heaven ever lies about us,
Like the visions of our youth,
Radiant as a summer morning,
Winsome and as fair as truth;
Youthful fancies vanish quickly,
Giving place to visions new,
Coming with advancing manhood,
Visions real, visions true.

Heaven ever lies about us,
With its iridescent skies—
Jesus, as with clay and spittle,
Open our long-blinded eyes;
Thru the teachings of the Spirit,
Let us see and hear and know
That the angels camp about us
While we journey here below.

WHAT WAIT I FOR?

Psa. 39: 7.

What wait I for? Long years ago
The Savior came in human guise;
Tho earth no royal welcome gave,
The songs of angels rent the skies;
Shepherds awoke with wondering eyes,
And sought with pulsing hearts the cave
Where lay the hope of centuries—
The Christ-child in a manger low;
From heaven He came, for me was born
Upon that first glad Christmas morn.

What wait I for? He wandered o'er
The earth with weary, dust-soiled feet;
And fed the hungry, healed the sick,
Endured the cold and suffered heat,
And in the desert's wild retreat
Passed trials tongue can never speak,
And won a victory complete,
And robbed the tempter of his power.
For me He trod Judean hills,
And suffered untold human ills.

What wait I for? By wicked hands
The thorns were driven in His brow,
And on Him placed the heavy cross,
And He was rudely led away
Without the walls that awful day,
To suffer pain and shame and loss,
Amid the jeers of Jewish foe,
And mockings of the Gentile bands.
This shameful death upon the tree
He suffered for us all and me.

What wait I for? He sits on high,
My Savior and my Advocate;
The wound-prints in His hand and side
For my poor soul make earnest plea;
He longs to set my spirit free
From thralldoms that my way betide,
And far removed all let or weight,
As eagles I might mount and fly.
What wait I for? Blest Spirit, come,
And make my heart Thy rest and home.



INCLINE THINE EAR.

Psa. 40: 1.

O Father, from Thy home on high,
Incline Thine ear unto my cry;
I'm but a lost and wayward child,
Wandering in the forest wild,
Where ravenous beasts beset my way;
O hasten to my help, I pray.

O Ruler of the upper sphere,
Incline toward me the hearing ear;
I'm but a mariner on life's sea,
Where storms o'erwhelm, and laugh in glee;
Above the raging of the wave,
O hear my prayer, and haste to save.

O Counselor and steadfast Friend,
Unto my humble prayer attend;
I'm but a traveler on the road,
O'erburdened with life's heavy load;
O Helper of the weak, bestow
New strength, or lift my weight of woe.

O God of battles, 'mid its roar,
I cry to thee in conflict sore;
I'm but a soldier, and the foe
Bears on me with his spear and bow;
The battle is not mine, but Thine;
O aid me with Thy power divine.



BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.

Psa. 46: 10.

The elements in wrath and roar
Rage fiercely in the upper deep,
And darksome clouds, like smoke of war,
Roll on in terror, heap on heap;
And tho the storm king's chariot wheel
Plow mountains high and prairies broad,
And to and fro the old earth reel,
Be still, and know that I am God;
I rule the storm, I bring the dearth;
Exalted I will be in earth.

Deep in the heart of yonder sea
The mountains may move from their base;
The earth may change, the oceans flee,
And marred be nature's form and face;
I guide Arcturus with his sons,
And I, too, loose Orion's bands;
And in My hand the ocean runs;
I mete out earth's contending sands;
I brooded o'er the earth at birth;
Exalted I will be in earth.

Great nations rise in mighty power,
And with a rod of iron reign;
They wither as the grass and flower;
I count them less than nothing, vain;

'Tis I earth's desolations make;
The spear I cut; the bow I break;
And burn the chariot in the fire;
I make the nation's woe or worth;
Exalted I will be in earth.

Be still, and know that I am God;
Silence becometh puny man;
I rule with love and with a rod,
And with a deep, far-reaching plan;
The clouds are but My garment's hem,
Earth but the footstool of My feet;
Man yet shall wear heaven's diadem,
And stand in Calvary's Christ complete;
And thru His death and life and birth,
Exalted I will be in earth.



BE STILL, MY HEART.

Psa. 46: 10.

Be still, my heart, this sacred hour,
That thou mayest know
And feel the Spirit's cleansing power,
That thru thy soul doth flow.

Be still, my heart: A ship at sea
Can take no precious freight,
Until it lies in harbor, free
From storms that agitate.

Be still, my heart: In winter's calm
The trees from Mother Earth
Receive fresh strength and healing balm
That give to each new birth.

Be still, my heart: Till winds are low
The flowers will not bloom,
Nor in their wondrous beauty glow,
Nor exhale sweet perfume.

"Be still, and know that I am God,
And there is none beside;
If blest above or 'neath the sod,
Thou must in Me abide."



"IN HIS BEAUTY."

Psa. 50: 2.

Is not God a God of beauty?
Doth He not in glory dwell?
Should no comeliness, like duty,
Give our lives a charm as well?

If God gave the lily whiteness,
Springing from the common clay,
Tho the beauty of its brightness
Perishes in one brief day;

If He gives to vales and mountains,
Radiance in the sun's bright beam,
Imaged in the rills and fountains,
Tho it vanish like a dream;

If when day is slowly ending,
He gives clouds such gorgeous dyes,
In prismatic colors blending,
Soon to leave the darkening skies;

Will not He, O man undying,
Give a beauty to thy soul,
Tho in sin thou hast been lying,
Long in Satan's dire control?

And when Christ shall wholly win thee,
Sitting on thy heart's high throne,
Love shall shine about and in thee,
With a glory all its own.



"O THAT I HAD WINGS."

Psa. 55: 6.

O that my soul had wings,
Then would I fly away,
Some gloomy, gladsome day,
To regions of the blest,
And there my soul would rest,
Untouched by earthly things.

Just like a dove I'd fly
Beyond this world of sin,
Its tumult and its din,
Beyond the sunset bars,
Fair moon and glittering stars,
To fairer worlds on high.

I'd fly, I'd fly away,
On wings of love and light,
Beyond this earthly night,
To fields of living green,
No mortal eye hath seen,
Where shines eternal day.

On tireless wings I'd soar,
Until I reach the gate,
Where angels watch and wait;
Until my Lord I meet,
Upon the golden street,
And then go out no more.

O that my soul had wings,
This dreary, darksome day,
When clouds hang o'er my way,
Where no rare flowers bloom
To lift my spirit's gloom,
And where no sweet bird sings.

Wings come not at my call;
While I would soar away,
My feet still cling to clay;
My Father knoweth best;
I wait His wise behest,
To soar aloft, or fall.



“AS A LEAF.”

Psa. 64: 6.

The barren earth is but a bier,
Whereon sad autumn's dead leaves lie;
While winds bewail a dying year,
All nature answering with a sigh.



“IF RICHES INCREASE.”

Psa. 62: 10.

It is not when the floods
Of mighty waters sweep
The treasures of long years
Into a ruin heap,
That man should lift his voice
In lamentations deep.

The tempest's power is brief;
The sun shines after rain,
And devastated fields
Will bud and bloom again,
And teeming harvests fill
The barn with golden grain.

When wealth on unseen wings
Shall swiftly fly away,
And leave the heart a waste,
To black despair a prey—
Then let that venal soul
Bewail its natal day.



THE FLOODS HAVE LIFTED UP THEIR VOICE.

Psa. 93: 3.

O child of earth, rejoice
That sorrows make thee weep;
The floods lift up their voice,
And cry themselves to sleep.

Does cold adversity
Upon thee fiercely blow?
Storms that beset the tree
But make it stronger grow.

The soul is made intense
In righteousness thru woes,
As crushing hands dispense
The perfume of the rose.

The spirit mounts the heights
Thru agony of prayer,
As eagles make their flights
By battling with the air.

Down to the gates of death
The mother goes in pain;
The precious infant's breath
Brings life and joy again.

Then, child of earth, rejoice
That thou are sore distressed;
The sea lifts up its voice,
And moans itself to rest.



THY WAY IS IN THE SEA.

Psa. 77: 19.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea,
Where peaceful waters sleep,
Below where tempests high and wild
Their mighty revels keep.

And who among the sons of men,
Or angels strong and fleet,
Can know Thy goings, or reveal
The pathway of Thy feet?

In the great deep of human hearts
Thou hast a way unknown
For feet of Thine, below the waves
By passion tossed and blown.

And there Thou workest out Thy will—
The wonders of Thy grace,
In ways too deep and mystical
For mortal eye to trace.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS SANCTUARY.

Psa. 96: 2.

I wander thru the forest aisles,
And feast my eyes upon the scene
That all my finer sense beguiles
In nature's unprofaned demesne.
Each swaying bow, each shimmering leaf,
Is vibrant with divinest song,
That charms away my heart of grief,
And banishes my hurt of wrong.
My heart with very rapture thrills
With sweet and sacred ecstasy,
When in the silence of the hills
Celestial voices speak to me.
The eye of faith discerns and sees
In nature God's transcendent power;
His strength in the majestic trees,
His beauty in each blooming flower.
And as I tread this holy ground,
And in this sanctuary meet
My Lord, I feel an awe profound,
And take the sandals from my feet.



THOU RENEWEST THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

Psa. 104: 30.

Earth robes herself anew
As vanishes the snow-wove shroud,
And backward rolls the darkening cloud,
Revealing skies of blue.

Fairies besiege to-day
The sepulcher where long has lain
Fair Flora, bound in winter's chain,
And roll the stone away.

The coverlet of leaves
Kept warm the breast of Mother Earth,
Until she gave the violets birth,
On beds the grass-elf weaves.

I feel the fragrant breath,
Of lily, rose, and daffodil,
Where lately lay on plain and hill
The cerements cold of death.

What subtle, hidden rune
Inheres in shrub and plant and tree,
Transforming nature's livery
To draperies of June.

We mortals only know
Arcturus blows, the lily dies;
Ceres returns, new lilies rise,
With summer's overflow.

Nature and God are one;
To prophecies they both are true;
O hasten, Lord, and make anew
All things beneath the sun.



WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

Psa. 106: 4.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
I need Thee in the morning hour,
More than the earth the rain;
My heart's a parched plain,
Without a bud of fruit or flower;
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
I need Thee in the noontide heat;
Life's burdens press me sore;
I scarce can labor more,
O haste Thee, Savior, I entreat;
My strength must come from Thee.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The light of day now fast declines,
And in the western sky
Its embers fade and die;
For Thee my heart of hearts still pines,
And longs to rest in Thee.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The night of death comes on apace;
O leave me not alone,
My Lord, my life, my own,
Till in the morn I see Thy face,
And ever dwell with Thee.



I WILL LIFT MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS.

Psa. 121: 1.

Look to the hills, for in them lies
The everlasting strength of God,
And they will soothe the soul that cries,
When passing 'neath affliction's rod.

Look to the stars that in their course
Gave brave Sisera victory;
And still yield subtle, silent force
To hearts that long for liberty.

Look to the rivers as they go
Serenely toward the ocean caves;
So shall Thy peace forever flow—
Thy righteousness as deep-sea waves.

Look to the trees that proudly stand,
And fling defiance at the storm;
And let them speak words of command
That shall thy coward soul transform.

Look to the birds that gather not
For morrow's need their food in store;
If not one sparrow is forgot,
Doth not the Father love thee more?

Look to the flowers that bloom or blast,
According to the season's will;
Be as a garden or a waste—
So in thee God His ways fulfill.

Look to the winds that blow and breathe,
As blows and breathes the breath divine;
O Spirit's power, above, beneath,
Comfort and cleanse this heart of mine.



“THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS.”

Psa. 126: 5, 6.

Unless the seed thou sowest
Is watered by thy tears,
The labor thou bestowest
Will crown no future years.

It takes a soul in earnest
To reach a soul in sin;
Thy heart to ashes burnest,
If thou the lost wouldst win.

Then go forth sowing, weeping
The unfeigned tears of love,
And thou shalt have for reaping
Harvests of souls above.

WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM THY
PRESENCE?

Psa. 139: 7.

A thousand stars seem but the eyes
Of Him with whom I have to do,
Beholding all the false and true,
That deeply in my nature lies.

And should I take the wings of morn,
And fly to earth's remotest bound,
There shall Thy Spirit still be found,
By whom my life must be upborne.

Alas! then whither shall I fly,
Since I can not escape or hide
From woes the unredeemed abide,
In earth or sea, or air or sky?

I will return, like Noah's dove,
When no retreat discovering
O'er watery waste to rest her wing,
Unto the storm-proof ark of love.

Why did you leave the sheltering breast,
O weary, wandering, wayward soul?
'T is only heaven must be thy goal;
'T is only Christ can give thee rest.



"WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD?"

Psa. 147: 17.

No bloody king in days of old,
On trackless plain, in hill defiles,
E'er covered earth with warriors bold,
As doth King Frost, with dagger cold,
Fill with dead leaves the forest aisles.

、 LEAD ME, LORD.

Psa. 139: 24.

O lead me, Lord, I humbly pray,
For fast declines life's weary day;
I tread a rocky, barren waste;
Footsore and worn, I can not haste;
Lead me by Thine almighty hand
To Canaan's land.

O lead me, Lord, the way grows dark,
With only here and there a spark
Of light from hope's descending star;
Behind the western hills afar
It soon will sink, let me not stray
While lasts its ray.

O lead me, Lord, my faith is weak;
Walk by my side, and gently speak
The words of courage, hope and cheer,
That rouse the soul to persevere
In ways of Christly righteousness
That end in peace.

O lead me, Lord, send from above
The light that kindles into love,
And makes the pathway of my feet
All plain and glorious till I meet
The loved and lost ones where unfold
The gates of gold.

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

Prov. 23: 26.

O Lord, I give to Thee my heart;
It is a worthless thing—
A bird with broken wing,
That can not fly or sing,
Since wounded by sin's poisoned dart.

O take it, Lord, and heal the wound,
Before the rankling sore
Shall reach the inner core,
And soundness shall no more
In any part therein be found.

O Lord, apply Thy cooling balm,
And ease the piercing pain,
That racks this weary brain;
In mercy bring again
The sweet repose, the holy calm.

And then, O Lord, when Thou hast healed,
This sin-sick heart of mine,
By grace and power divine,
With glory it shall shine,
And Christ, my Lord, shall be revealed.



HIS BANNER OVER US WAS LOVE.

Can. 2: 4.

With eyes transfixed upon the scenes
That charmed me in the days of youth,
My ear heard not in whispered tones
The calling of the voice of Truth;

I only heard the sounds of earth,
The siren music of its mirth;
My vision reached not things above,
Where hung the banner of His love.

In later years an unseen hand,
With fingers deft, wove cloud on cloud,
Whose shadows dark and ominous
Enwrapped my spirit like a shroud.
There seemed no one to reach and save
My life from an untimely grave;
In darkened paths or clouds above
I saw no banner of His love.

When clouds had drifted far away
Sore trial sent its fiery flame,
And at its touch a tremor thrilled
From head to foot my feeble frame.
With burning sands and sky of brass,
My spirit was too faint, alas,
To cast the eye of faith above,
And see the banner of His love.

One night a vision roused my soul,
A vision of the Eternal Good,
A joy serene, celestial, filled
My inner being like a flood.
And ever since that wondrous night
I walk abroad in heavenly light,
And always clearly see above
The royal banner of His love.



FOR LO! THE WINTER IS PAST.

Can. 2: 11.

For lo! the winter now is past,
The old-time splendors come to grace
The fields of verdure rich and vast,
And glorify old nature's face.

O Lord, direct mine eye to see
Thy beauty in the opening rose,
Thy watch-care in each growing tree,
Thy mercy where the river flows.

Attune mine ear to hear Thy voice,
In thunder crash and evening wind;
In the world's Babel, lose the noise
That wounds the heart, disturbs the mind,

Lift up my soul in feeling, thought,
To realms where spirits pure commune,
Till my whole being is inwrought
With sunshine as a day in June.

Then shall I walk and talk with Thee,
As Enoch walked and talked of old;
And Thou wilt be as dear to me
On earth as in the streets of gold.



I HEAR THY VOICE.

Can. 2: 14.

Gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice
When I wake at early dawn,
Ere night's mantle is withdrawn,
Saying in sweet undertone,
"In My light and love rejoice."

Gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice
As I tread the busy street;
'Mid the sounds of eager feet,
Thy dear words are doubly sweet—
"In My light and love rejoice."

Gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice
In the evening's breathless calm;
Thy low words are like a psalm,
And they fall like healing balm—
"In My light and love rejoice."

Gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice,
In the shadows of the night,
And it makes no sad affright,
But the words give joy and might—
"In My light and love rejoice."

Gracious Lord, I hear Thy voice,
O'er the troublous waves that roll
Dashing me on shore and shoal,
Sweet the words unto my soul—
"In My light and love rejoice."

Savior, may I hear Thy voice
And behold Thy Spirit form,
Luminous amid the storm,
Saying in death's wild alarm,
"In My light and love rejoice."



THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

Awake, O North Wind, Come, thou South,
And blow upon my garden.—**Can. 4: 16.**

My garden does not know the wealth
That lies within its keeping;
Of flowers fragrant with perfume,
And harvests rich for reaping.

With grievous blasts the Norn-King comes
Along with icy harrow,
And in its trail leaves in the breast
The bitterness of sorrow.

O Garden, barren, dismal, cold,
Bereft of fruit and flower,
How can you so long dormant lie,
Beneath the North Wind's power?

O sleep, ye North Wind, lie and sleep,
Your work of sorrow's over,
And o'er the garden of my heart
No longer blow and hover.

Awake, ye South Wind, wake, arise,
Come on the wings of morning;
Come from your sunlit home so far;
Come with or without warning.

Upon the cold earth blow and breathe,
Where hoary frost still lingers;
Awake the garden of my soul
With rosy tinted fingers.

And cause to spring the flowers of love,
The fruits of joy supernal,
Akin to those that bloom and grow
In realms unseen, eternal.



I AM THE LORD'S.

Isa. 44: 5.

I am the Lord's. A joy untold
Wells up within my heart of hearts,
Like waters from a living spring:
The Almighty arm doth now enfold,
Protecting me from Satan's darts
And every evil thing.

I am the Lord's. My willing feet
Shall tread the ways of righteousness,
And mercy's errands gladly run.
O may I ever stand complete
In Him whose wondrous love doth bless
All creatures 'neath the sun.

I am the Lord's. My ready hand
Will labor in the Master's cause,
And press the battle to the gates.
May Christ, my King, in every land,
March onward without let or pause;
For Him the world now waits.

I am the Lord's. My soul hath made
A covenant with eye and ear;
I will not look on ways of sin,
However gaudily arrayed;
This be my constant aim to hear
The voice of God within.

I am the Lord's, and He is mine;
The life that I now live below
Is hid with Christ the Son of God;
May I reflect the life divine
Most clearly till I hence shall go
To rest beneath the sod.



THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR REST- ING PLACE.

Jer. 50:6.

Where shall rest of soul be found?
Not within the cool retreat,
In the solace of the trees,
Loitering on the grass-thatched ground,
Breathing flower-fragrance sweet,
Brow fanned by the cooling breeze.

Where shall rest of soul be found?
Not in pleasure's palace halls,
Where flow wisdom, wit, and wine,
And where belles and beaux abound,
Charmed with music as it falls
On the ear in notes divine.

Where shall rest of soul be found?
Not in quest of shining gold,
Nor in acres broad in fee;
Not in circumstance renowned,
Nor in peace thru victories bold,
Nor in boons of liberty.

Where shall rest of soul be found?
In the faith of Christ alone;
Faith that brings abiding peace;
Blessed, tranquil, and profound,
Like a river flowing down
Into God's eternal seas.



THE DOOR OF HOPE.

Hosea 2 : 14, 15.

Dost thou stand within the shadow
Of a mountain of despair?
Are there specters weird and somber
Peopling the darksome air?
Be courageous, O my brother,
With the eye of faith look up;
In the valley of thy troubling
There is still the door of hope.

Hath misfortune come upon thee,
With its bitterness and blight,
Leaving ashes for thy beauty,
Mourning for thy joy and light?

Courage, brother, toward the heavens
Point faith's wondrous telescope;
In the midnight of thy troubling
Thou shalt see the star of hope.

Once a prophet, when surrounded
By a multitude of foes,
Prayed the Lord for his companion
That his eyes He would uncloze;
Then he saw a heavenly army,
Filling vale and mountain slope,
And was taught that in the Almighty
Was their only Door of Hope.

Tho the shadows fall about thee,
Growing into darkest night,
Soon or late shall come the morning,
With a sweeter, clearer light;
Courage, brother; let the Savior
With a touch thy blind eyes ope,
And in every vale of troubling
See an open door of hope.



WRITE THE VISION; MAKE IT PLAIN.

Hab. 2: 2.

Write the vision, make it plain,
So that they may run who read,
What the anguish, loss, and pain
Come to those who will not heed.
Write it in our mother tongue,
In the simple words of truth;
Words that we have lisped and sung
Since the days of early youth.

Write the vision, make it plain;
Death, the avenging angel, flies
In the wake of sin; in vain
Bribes avail to blind his eyes.
Naught can turn aside his wrath,
Or can change his poisoned dart,
But the blood Christ sprinkleth
On the lintel of the heart.

Write the vision, make it plain;
He who seeks the better part
Knows the joy and feels the pain
Of the Christ-love in the heart;
And shall clearly understand
That the secret of the Cross
Is to meet love's high demand,
Thinking not of shame and loss.

Write the vision, make it plain,
That the earth was made for man;
God will cleanse it of sin's stain,
Banish Satan's rule and ban.
Sin is only of the night;
Tho its dawning long delay,
Soon resplendent shines the light
Of the everlasting day.

Write the vision, make it plain;
Soon upon the clouds of heaven,
Christ shall come again to reign,
And all power to Him be given;
Be ye wise now, kings and men,
Kiss the Son ere comes the day
Of His wrath, consuming, when
Many perish by the way.

MY SOUL'S CASTLE.

Matt. 7: 26, 27.

I built a castle in life's prime,
A castle fair to look upon;
A castle in a balmy clime,
That glittered in the summer sun.

A tower rose on its eastern walls,
And on the west a minaret;
Its gilded ceilings, marble halls
With many a costly gem was set.

And in its garnished rooms were placed
The rarest paintings wealth could buy,
While in each niche and nook were traced
Angelic forms to charm the eye.

And here and there on pedestal,
In seeming living pose, there stood
In corridor and stately hall
Fair statues of the great and good.

And here I gathered tome on tome,
In rich and rarest vellum bound,
From wide alcove to tower dome,
The wit and lore of men profound.

In each and every mirrored room
Were works of art in rare design,
While flowers mingled sweet perfume
With music's harmonies divine.

It was a pleasure, day by day,
To rest me in its cool retreats;
Forever there I longed to stay,
And drink in life's unmingled sweets.

One night a mighty storm arose,
And beat upon my castle fair;
A surging flood, with all its woes,
Flashed back the lightning's awful glare.

In that dark night my castle fell,
From pillared base to steepled roof,
Swept downward in the torrent's swell,
And great and dire the fall thereof.

My grief was sore—beyond control;
The lesson now I understand:
It was the castle of my soul,
And it was built upon the sand.



LEARN OF ME.

Matt. 11:29.

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Prayer;
How for the day Thy soul found strength
On mountains bare!

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Faith;
To know, like Thee, Almighty arms
Are underneath.

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Hope;
That glory comes but thru a cross
High lifted up!

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Truth;
Obedience only gives its badge
To age or youth!

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Peace;
Thy calm of soul, 'mid strife of tongues
Without surcease.

How slow, O Lord, how slow to learn
Thy Way of Love—
Love to the vile of earth as well
As God above.



LEARN OF ME.

Matt. 11:29.

Once I walked with weary feet
Rugged highway, dusty street,
Yet with soul serene and sweet.

I looked on the world's distress
With an eye of tenderness,
And a hand outstretched to bless.

Seated at a marriage shrine,
Men first saw the light divine
When the water blushed as wine.

Hungry multitudes I fed,
Famished spirits comforted,
With the living, heavenly bread.

When in darkness souls have cried,
Blinded eyes I opened wide
To the light's inflowing tide.

Ears long dead to song of bird,
Voice of man or lowing herd,
I unstopped with one low word.

Many sore oppressed by sin
Long and strongly trenched within,
Victory thru Me could win.

Friends approached Me with alarm,
When I turned with cheer and charm
To the babe on mother's arm.

Demons whom their victims led,
Torn and bleeding—left for dead—
At My voice, rebuking, fled.

Angered at the swine it cost,
When I healed a man long lost,
Begged was I to leave their coast.

In My heart ruled Love alone,
Love that brought Me to atone
For a world by hate o'erthrown.

That the thistle might give place
To the lily of My grace,
I My glory did abase.

That the rose might blow and bloom,
Filling deserts with perfume,
Walked I ways of earthly gloom.

That the night might change to morn,
Gladness come to men forlorn,
In a manger I was born.

Without kingly crown or gem,
Heaven sent a diadem
In the star o'er Bethlehem.

Peace on earth I came to bring;
Birds of prey were on the wing
Ere the angels ceased to sing.

Loud and sad was Rachel's wail,
Sounding thru Judean vale,
But her tears would not avail.

Egypt refuge gave to Me,
When a child I had to flee
From a king's malignity.

Ere My mission I began,
In accordance with God's plan,
And the prophecy of man,

Neighbors in My own loved town
Dragged Me to the rocky crown
Of a cliff to hurl Me down.

Hounded by the imps of hell,
And their human slaves as well,
Woes My daily life befell.

Pharisee and Sadducee,
Old-time enemies agree—
For My death they make decree.

Named Beelzebub by men,
Keepers of the seal and pen,
Warders of Commandments Ten.

Slandered, cursed, misunderstood,
Good called evil, evil good,
Objects of man's wrath I stood.

At the sepulcher I wept,
Where in death a dear one slept,
And where Love its sad watch kept.

There I spoke the word, "Come forth,"
And her prey surrendered earth,
Turning mourning into mirth.

When I claimed to be God's Son,
That thru Him My works were done,
Hate eternal I had won.

Foxes to their caverns fled,
Birds on nature's bounty fed,—
No place I to lay My head.

"Man of sorrows," child of woe,
Said the prophet long ago,
Was My destined fate below.

Yet I came to do God's will,
And a mission to fulfill,
Meeting good or meeting ill.

With a price placed on My head,
Made by one who shared My bread,
To the slaughter I was led.

Brought before a Gentile court,
Slandorous charges, false report,
Witnessed by the baser sort.

Roman judge with features grim
Cried, I find no fault in Him—
Yet obeyed the rabble's whim.

Only stars their vigils kept,
When in agony I wept
Bloody sweat while watchers slept.

Crucify Him, crucify,
Was the Pharisaic cry
Rising to a pitiless sky.

With a thorn-crown on My head,
Via dolorosa led,
Followers in terror fled.

To the earth My body prone,
'Neath the Cross so heavy grown,
I the wine-press trod alone.

Mocked and scourged I patiently,
And without a culprit's cry,
Bore untold indignity.

Nailed to the accursed tree,
Tortured by rough ribaldry,
Soon My Spirit was set free.

Tho My Father seemed in wrath
To withdraw at My last breath,
Dying I had conquered death.

He that had his millions slain,
Holding all the earth in chain,
Now forever lost his reign.

Men and nations, learn of Me,
There is no captivity
For the soul that I set free.

Learn of Me that sacrifice—
Love that pardons, suffers, dies—
Is the law rules earth and skies.

Learn of Me the Father's will,
Deigning good, and never ill,
You, as I, must all fulfill.

Learn of Me, no angel's song—
"Peace on earth"—can echo long
In the heart that harbors wrong.

Learn of Me the living way—
These the keys, Trust and Obey,
That unlock the Gates of Day.

Learn of Me the only goal,
Worthy of a human soul,
Is the Word that makes thee whole.

Learn of Me that man is vile,
With a breast that reeks with guile,
Often hidden with a smile.

Learn of Me one life outweighs,
In God's calendar of days,
All the worlds in Milky Ways.

Learn of Me a thousand years,
Filled with aches and groans and tears,
Are but Heaven's charioteers,

Running down the course of time,
Till Eternity's sweet chime
Shall ring out the end of crime.

Learn of Me the heavenly life—
In a world where wars are rife
Peace can only come thru strife.

Learn of Me that death is gain,
If no sin the heart contain,
Tho a bitter cup ye drain.

Learn of Me Truth is supreme;
Life beyond no idle dream,
Love the one immortal theme.

WHAT LACK I YET?

Matt. 19: 20.

I've breathed the name of God in prayer,
And cast on Him my every care;
I've trusted Him for pardoning grace,
And seen the smile upon His face;
And still dark doubts my heart beset—
What lack I yet? What lack I yet?

I've knelt at the baptismal shrine,
And drank the sacramental wine;
And sought with eager soul the light
Of every ordinance and rite;
Still oft my eyes with tears are wet—
What lack I yet? What lack I yet?

I strive God's holy law to keep,
Offending not with eye or lip;
Seeking and longing day by day
To walk in wisdom's narrow way;
And still my feet seem in a net—
What lack I yet? What lack I yet?

Deluded youth, centered in self,
Thy heart still clings to pride and pelf;
Go, open wide thy coffer's door,
And give to God's deserving poor;
In others' woes thyself forget,
And ask no more, What lack I yet?

HE ANSWERED HER NOT A WORD.

Matt. 15: 23.

To Christ an alien woman came,
With bitter cries and burning tears;
Yet with a soul thru faith aflame,
She knew no doubts and felt no fears.

With grief thus unrepressed and wild
She boldly came, and sought the Lord
To heal her poor, demoniac child,
And yet "He answered not a word."

O Thou who sheddest tears of grief,
And callst the dead man from the grave,
Couldst Thou not give this one relief?
The afflicted child couldst Thou not save?

"It is not meet," He said, and sighed,
"To give to dogs the children's bread."
"And yet the crumbs," she quick replied,
Can surely to the dogs be fed!"

"O woman, great has been thy faith,
To overcome repulse and scoff;
The blessing sought thy daughter hath"—
She asked a crumb—she got a loaf.

Afflicted one, go to thy Lord,
And ask Him humbly for His grace,
And tho He answer not a word,
Let not thy soul one step retrace.

"The smoking flax He will not quench,
The bruised reed He will not break;"
Nor on your faith will He intrench,
Nor from its flame one fagot take.

God knoweth well our feeble frame,
He knoweth well our strength of will;
And strength and weakness are the same
To those in Christ abiding still.



COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER.

Matt. 25: 34.

Life long I've scattered precious seed,
And left undone no kindly deed
That ministered to hearts in need.
Will not I hear the Father say
"Come unto Me" in that dread day
When men of every clime and age
Shall each receive his last, just wage?

Was the seed sown the living Word,
And every deed as to the Lord?
Not simply looking for reward,
But in the spirit of the Christ,
Whose life and soul were sacrificed—
Enkindled was thy heart of love
By fire descending from above?

Then, blessed one, rest thou content,
And fear not final banishment,
Because of earthly life misspent.
If Love impel thy heart and hand,
Fear not before God's bar to stand;
A welcome thou shalt have above,
For Love is God, and God is Love.

JUDAS.

Matt. 27: 3-6.

"O better hadst thou ne'er been born!"
Said Christ, unbreathing hate or scorn,
But with a heart by pity torn.

Was Judas blinded by the lust
Of gold into his fingers thrust?
This may have turned the scales as dust.

Far deeper let us bend our gaze
On things bewildering, ablaze
With terrors, on that day of days.

With all his race he felt the gall
Of Rome, and sought thru Him its fall
Who could the angel legions call.

Had he not seen the Master pass
Unharm'd, thru enemies en masse,
Escaping as thru gates of brass?

Did not He ever heed the cries
Of troubled souls 'neath darkened skies,
With kindly touch and sweet replies?

To Him could come no earthly ill;
The wind and wave obeyed His will,
If He but whispered "Peace, be still."

Before His presence, noble, dread,
Had not the money-changers fled?
Had not he seen Him raise the dead?

Awed by His calm authority,
Did not the devils cry and flee,
Adown the shores of Galilee?

Did not Jehovah foreordain,
From David's line a King should reign,
And break oppression's rankling chain?

Was He not born in Bethlehem,
Whose heralds were the seraphim?
Did not the wise men worship Him?

Had not the very heavens spoke—
The silence of the ages broke?
And who could such decrees revoke?

By signs and wonders manifold,
He is the One so long foretold,
Who should bring in the age of gold.

And now the crisis is at hand—
A revolution, that a brand
Might light and spread thru all the land.

May I not be the chosen son,
By whom revolt shall be begun,
And victory over Cæsar won?

Can there be pardon for the sin
Of him who never strives to win
The freedom of his land and kin?

Resolved am I to start the fires
In hearts of Israel's sons and sires,
Thru Him the soul of our desires.

"Do quickly what thou doest." This word
So filled the ear he had not heard
The awful warning of his Lord.

And as he hastened thru the throng,
Conviction grew more clear and strong—
It must be right—it can't be wrong.

This was his dream, his high intent,
A patriot's wild expedient,
To bring his race enfranchisement.

And seemingly by bribe enticed
The price of Him the high priest priced,
He bargained to betray the Christ.

O how the demons laughed in glee,
When, blinded by race-loyalty,
Their foe was doomed to Calvary.

The gathering mob, the spear, the crest,
The traitor's kiss, the midnight quest,
Stirred all the city to unrest.

The brutish court, the mock array,
The Christ condemned and led away,
Filled soul of Judas with dismay.

Chagrin, remorse convulsed his frame,
And set his conscience all aflame,
As to the temple court he came.

The silver pieces in his hands
He dashes down, as fiery brands,
While he the awful deed remands.

Why was I born? I hear him cry;
Thru my betrayal must He die?
O where for refuge can I fly?

His sin was without parallel,
And sunk him to the nether hell;
Could aught but suicide impel?

He cried, "I have betrayed the blood
Of innocence." Half crazed he stood,
While ruin whelmed him like a flood.

On no one else he placed the blame,
The blighting curse, the stinging shame,
That blacken for all time his name.

He who forgave the dying thief,
Can it be deemed beyond belief
That He should disregard such grief?

Is not the thought unthinkable,
That love divine should form a soul,
Withholding power to overrule?

Was Judas, born without consent,
To be the devil's instrument
In this most tragic world-event?

"To death the Son of man must go,"
Spake Jesus painfully and slow,
"To him by whom He goeth woe."

Ah verily this was the hour
Of darkness, and of Satan's power,
That made strong men and angels cower.

'T is said there's pardon for the one
Who utters aught against the Son;
For Him the Spirit blasphemes none.

What mortal man shall dare to say,
As Judas cast the coin away,
That he for pardon did not pray?

Christ came to earth to seek the lost,
No matter what the pain or cost,
And save unto the uttermost.

The love of God for Israel
Was measureless as heaven from hell;
Could it not reach where Judas fell?

"Of all Thou gavest lost I none,"
Said Jesus ere His work was done,
To those whom He had called and won.

On resurrection morn the Lord
Was first by Magdalene adored,
Whom, demon filled, He had restored.

And then to one in penitence,
Because of his threefold offense,
He went in secret conference.

And no one saw the tears they shed,
Nor heard the tender words Christ said
To him who uttered oaths, and fled.

'Tis written while His body lay
In Joseph's tomb, He made essay
To win the lost of Noah's day.

It may be without precedent—
And never proved by argument—
(Love knows no depth or firmament).

While preaching in the dark abyss,
He greeted—dare I utter this?—
And pardoned Judas with a kiss.

By all the saints the earth have trod,
In spite of faggot, cross, and rod,
Still God is love and love is God.

FOLLOW ME.

Mark 2: 14.

I sought in a great city's thoroughfare
A shrine where patriotic spirits bow;
A stranger turned my feet with kindly care
Into the avenues that lead thereto.

I lost my way, and as I listless stood,
A friend I chanced to meet said, "Follow me,"
And led me quickly and in joyous mood
Unto the sacred fane of Liberty.

The teachers of the eternal Word have given
Wise precept after precept, line on line,
Showing the paths to holiness and heaven,
And yet I failed to keep the ways divine.

With courage almost gone, I heard a voice,—
'T was He, the Man of woe, the sinner's Friend;
Come, follow Me, and in My love rejoice,
And I will lead you safely to the end.



"AND JESUS STOOD STILL."

Mark 10: 49.

As Jesus passed thru Jericho,
Around Him swept along
A human sea, with ebb and flow,
A surging, restless throng.

Above the babbling waves of speech
He heard a sufferer's plea,
As one who hails those on the beach,
When sinking in the sea.

"Have mercy," Bartimeus cried,
This was his one appeal;
And Jesus stayed the rushing tide,
And suddenly stood still.

"What wilt thou have Me do?" Christ said
With kindness infinite;
He answered, as to Christ he fled,
"That I may have my sight."

And He by whom all things consist,
Who made the earth and sea,
When mercy called could not resist
The poor, blind beggar's plea.

And yesterday and to-day,
Forever He's the same,
As when He stood beside the way,
And mercy called His name.

And when the cry for pity falls
Upon His listening ear,
Again Christ standeth still and calls
The suppliant to come near.



'T IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

Mark 14: 27.

He fed the hungry multitude,
And toward the close of day
They strove to take and make Him King,
But He withdrew to pray.

Into a mountain high, where God
Could only hear and see,
While His disciples plied the oar
In crossing Galilee.

The storm arose; they labored hard
Against the wind and wave;
And dire distress o'erwhelmed their souls
As yawned a watery grave.

But as they cried in their despair,
They saw One drawing near,
And like a spirit tread the waves,
Their hearts stood still with fear.

Before that look of gentleness
The stormy winds were stayed;
And calmed their hearts when Jesus said,
'T is I, be not afraid.

Why would He not be made a King
In that ordeal hour?
He knew that prayer brought rulership
Of greater scope and power.

What was it to be king of earth,
So absolute and sole,
Compared with power to rule the storm,
To calm a troubled soul.

He who refused a kingly crown
Sits on a throne on high;
He sees us battling with the waves,
He hears our faintest cry.

Let storms arise, let waves dash high,
Jesus has power to save;
Before they overwhelm our bark
Again He'll walk the wave.

O sorely tried and tempest-tossed,
Fear not, nor be dismayed;
Dost thou not hear above the storm,
" 'T is I, be not afraid?"

SIMON, SLEEPEST THOU?

Mark 14: 37.

Simon, Simon, art thou sleeping?
Said the Master with a sigh,
While His midnight vigil keeping,
With lone watchers in the sky.
Art thou he who boasted loudly
When no enemy was near,
Speaking confidently, proudly,
Like a soul that knows no fear?

Simon, Simon, art thou sleeping?
With the dew My head is wet,
Down My furrowed cheeks is creeping
Even now the bloody sweat.
Canst thou not remain beside Me
In this awful midnight hour
And implore My God to hide Me
From the tempter's mighty power?

Simon, Simon, still thou 'rt sleeping,
And the brethren all as well;
Future years ye will be reaping
Anguish I must not foretell.
Sleep on now, for ye are weary;
I have drank the cup alone,
And must tread the pathway dreary
With a sorrow all my own.

Simon, Simon, now thou 'rt sleeping
In thy narrow bed of clay,
And the same still stars are keeping
Watch till resurrection day.
Long ago wast thou forgiven
Of thy sin that night of yore;
While no record is in heaven,
Earth will tell it o'er and o'er.

THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.

Mark 15:25.

Before He hung upon the cross,
Where for our sins He groaned and died,
In suffering shame and woe and loss,
The Prince of Life was crucified.

The hands so ready to unclasp
In blessings rich to help and heal,
When sought no more in friendly grasp,
The piercing spikes began to feel.

The feet that bore Him to His own,
Who turned upon the heel of hate,
With curling lip and scoffing tone,
The nails of scorn would lacerate.

The brow that shone with heavenly light,
Before the thorn-crown made it bleed,
Was clouded oft with earthly night,
Because of man's remorseless greed.

The heart pierced by the soldier's spear
Had often felt a keener grief,
When warning words men would not hear
Because of stubborn unbelief.

Yea, long before the nails and dart
Had wounded Him that awful day,
The cross's shadow fell athwart
His sad and solitary way.

And unbelief still wounds His side,
And drives the nails thru feet and hands,
Altho as Advocate and Guide
Before the Father now He stands.

HE IS RISEN.

Mark 16:6.

He is risen. Now the darkness
Of the night has passed away,
And the light of life eternal
Breaks forth into glorious day.
Haste, ye women, to proclaim it,
Tell to all the joyful word,—
That the sepulcher is empty—
Risen is our blessed Lord.

He is risen. He who only
On that Friday's fatal morn,
By the cruel priests and elders
And the mob was overborne;
Back they fell when they approached Him,
Awed by His majestic power,
Yet He suffered them to take Him;
'T was His sacrificial hour.

He is risen. Vindicated
Are the words that He had said,
When unto the Roman governor
He with insults had been led;
Born was He unto a kingdom
Wider than this earth e'er gave,
With the power to meet and conquer
Even death, hell, and the grave.

He is risen. Hear, ye scoffers,
Scribes and priests and Pharisees,
Listen to the choral music
That is borne upon the breeze;
He who by your cruel malice
Falsely was condemned and slain,
Hath triumphantly arisen,
And among us walks again.

He is risen. Ye disciples
Hasten all the world around;
Let all nations, kindreds, peoples
Hear the welcome, joyful sound;
Let the hopeless and desponding,
Sitting in the shade of death,
Know that man is all immortal;
Tell the news with every breath.

He is risen. On that morning
Toward the dawning of the day,
Vanished every lingering shadow
Of death's long, imperial sway;
For as Christ the Lord hath risen,
We, His brethren, shall arise,
Thru His resurrection power
To immortal destinies.

He is risen. Weeping mother,
Sadly following that lone bier
Whereon lies the little darling
That your heart of hearts held dear,
Cease thy mourning, and look upward,
Christ hath triumphed o'er the grave;
Thou shalt clasp again thy treasure
When across the Jordan wave.

He is risen. Sorrowing father,
Standing by that mound of earth,
With a heart that thrills no longer
At the voice of joy or mirth;
See God's sunlight falling round thee,
Brush away that silent tear,
For thy precious child now liveth
In a happier, holier sphere.

He is risen. Let the dead leaves
O'er our graves be thickly strewn;
Let the winds thru trees all barren
Blow when summer birds have flown;

Let stern death embrace all nature,
And the frost chain bind the sod,
Yet the dead shall burst these fetters,
And return unto their God.

He is risen. Glorious vision
That bursts on my soul to-day,
As by faith I see the angels
Come and roll the stone away,
And behold the blessed Savior
From the sleep of death arise,
And ascend from Olivet's mountain
To His home beyond the skies.

Yes, the Lord indeed has risen;
Send the glad news far and near;
Death's red scepter has been broken,
Mourning heart, no longer fear;
Christ is building us a mansion
In that country of the blest;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

Luke 17: 21.

Seek not the way of life in tomes
Of theologic lore,
Or in the sacred haunts or homes
Of saints gone on before.

Seek not the gift of love divine
In sacrament or rite,
Or in the sanctuary's shrine,
Tho lit with heaven's light.

Seek not the holy Christ of God,
As others sought and found,
In ways and places where they trod—
All earth is holy ground.

The sacred fire burns not on high,
Nor on the earth beneath;
It flames in thy heart's deep desire,
Or has not warmth or breath.

Then seek not east, west, north, or south,
The faith God can impart;
'Tis nigh thee, even in thy mouth,
And in thy inmost heart.



THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Luke 17: 21.

Not in outward circumstance,
That the mortal senses please;
Not in pleasures that entrance,
Like deceitful southern seas;
Not in sanctimonious pride,
Sin of angels unconfessed;
Only with the Christ allied
Comes the kingdom of the blest.

Not in gifts to lowly poor,
Tho yourself impoverish;
Not in speech exalted more
Than archangel fain might wish;
Not tho you your body give
To the bigot's murderous ire;
Christ the Lord must in thee live
In a soul-consuming fire.

Kingdoms come and kingdoms go,
Founded on the will of man;
End that kingdom shall not know,
Patterned after God's own plan;
Deep its strong foundation lies
In devotion to mankind;
And presents in sacrifice
Every power of heart and mind.

Love supreme, then, is the test
Of the Kingdom of the Lord;
Loyalty to each behest
Of the ever living Word;
Christ to thee is all unknown
If not thy life's vital part,
And for thee sits on a throne
Nowhere, if not in thy heart.



TWO WORSHIPERS.

Luke 18: 10.

With pride of one whose lineage
Extended down the line
Of royal and illustrious names,
Before the temple shrine
Erect he stood, and thus began
His goodness to define.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not
As men of low degree;
Adulterers, extortioners,
Unjust to man and Thee;
Nor even as yon publican,
Of mongrel pedigree.

Twice in the week I keep the fasts,
With sanctimonious face;
Like Abraham, I bring my tithes
Unto this holy place;
Surely, O Lord, I've won the crown
Of Thy abounding grace!

The publican afar-off stood
With tearful, downcast eye,
And smote his heaving, troubled breast,
From which escaped a sigh;
"Be merciful to my poor soul,"—
His only plea and cry.



AND THE LORD LOOKED UPON PETER.

Luke 22: 61.

One day I stood beneath a tree,
A giant, towering oak;
An acorn dropped beside my feet,
Wrapped in its shaggy cloak,
And as I took it in my hand
My inner vision woke.

I saw within its uncouth shell
A forest wide and deep,
Where summer breezes laugh and sigh,
And storms their revels keep;
Where birds hold happy carnival,
And nest and sing and sleep.

I stood beside a little rill
Upon the mountain side;
I watched the bubbles on its crest,
Its rippling, rushing tide,
And to the questions that I asked
My heart alone replied.

The rill soon widens as it runs—
A mighty river grows,
And all along its widening path
Unnumbered gifts bestows;
And forms the wide, wide sea whereon
The world's rich commerce flows.

The sorrowing Master turned and looked—
That look was like a dart,
And yet so full of tenderness
It broke poor Peter's heart,
And he withdrew in haste to weep
In bitterness apart.

The Lord saw in those burning tears
Refreshing streams of love;
Great trees of God along the banks
Wherein these streams should move,
E'er widening, deepening till they reach
The jasper sea above.



FOR HE KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN.

John 2:25.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
Avarice that blinds the eye
To everything but gold;
Sordid aims and vain desires
To compass worldly things,
And the pleasure of this life
That filthy lucre brings.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
Sepulchres of dead men's bones,
Decaying, foul, and old;

Whitened on the outer walls
They may have been, 't is true,
But their stench ascended high
And pierced the heaven's blue.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
There He saw a cage of birds,
Unclean and wild and bold;
Eagles, harpies, buzzards dark,
Whose names their vileness speak;
Vultures ready to swoop down
Upon the poor and weak.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
All its inner chambers filled,
Its outer courts patrolled
By fierce devils from beneath,
And legion was their name,
With their natures fired of hell,
And tongues of sulphurous flame.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
Emptied of its former lusts,
Foul bird and devil bold;
Inner chambers garnished, swept,
Of everything unclean,
And love's fair angel sitting there,
And ruling as a queen.

Jesus looked into the heart,
And what did He behold?
There He saw a temple fair,
With pinnacles of gold,
Wherein richly dwelt the Word,
With God enthroned on high,
And the Spirit's presence sweet,
To bless and satisfy.

SO.

John 3: 16.

Tell me, men of wondrous vision,
Ye who penetrate the stars,
Far beyond horizon bars,
Viewing realms and worlds Elysian,
Can ye touch the outer hem
Of the meaning of this word,
Brief, and yet so often heard,
Shining out in thought's fair raiment like a brilliant
diadem?

Tell me, ye who sound the ocean,
In its dangerous, darksome deeps,
Where eternal silence sleeps,
Far below the storm's commotion;
Have ye any sounding line
That can ever fully reach,
Or could ever fully teach
Man to find the depth of this great sea of love
divine?

Tell me, ye who measure mountains,
Weighing them in human scales,
As a merchant weighs out nails,
With their snow-capped peaks and fountains;
Have ye any balance true,
That can tell the height and weight
Of God's love so pure, so great,
Whose broad base is all the earth, and pierces far
the heaven's blue?

Tell me, ye who fathom spirits,
Searching out the hidden springs
Of the soul that soars and sings,
And the powers that man inherits;

Can ye know the human heart,
Why it discontented seems,
Like the rush of mountain streams,
Till it rests in God, of whom it always seemed a
part?



**“HE TOOK A TOWEL AND GIRDED HIM-
SELF.”**

John 13:4.

A king girds on his trusty sword,
The symbol of His power;
A towel serves our humble Lord,
Love, infinite, His dower.

The weapon perishes with rust;
Love, infinite abides;
The king lies lowly in the dust;
Jesus in triumph rides.



I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU.

John 14:2.

O Father-God, I see the flowers
That fill the earth with splendor;
The varying tints of evening skies,
So beautiful and tender.

I see the rainbow of Thy love,
In cataracts and fountains;
The wonders of Thy handiwork,
In hills and vales and mountains.

I see the majesty of stars,
The purple glow of morning;
The shrub and grass with drops of dew,
As pearls for their adorning.

If to the earth accursed with sin,
Such beauty Thou hast given,
How far exceeding all will be
The glory of Thy heaven.



A PLACE.

John 14: 2.

A place, did the Master say, a place?
In yonder world can it be found, or this?
Near Him whom the heart loves and adores
Is only the state and place of bliss.
Where He is only I would dwell;
Heaven, without Him, would be hell.



NO MAN COMETH UNTO THE FATHER BUT BY ME.

John 14: 6.

O God, I stretch my empty hand
To grasp Thine own;
But after weary days I stand
Unhelped, alone.

In silences of the long night
I vigil keep,
And wait the coming of Thy light—
Wait but to weep.

With ear intent I long to hear
Thy voice of love,
And yet no whispered words of cheer
Thy presence prove.

O Thou for whom my spirit pines
Where is Thy seat?
Long have I sought Thy hallowed shrines
With eager feet.

I turn to the eternal Word
In my dismay—
“I am the Life,” saith Christ the Lord,
“The Truth, the Way.”

“No man hath seen the Father,” run
The words divine;
“’Tis in the face of Christ the Son
All glories shine.”

“Come unto Me,” the Savior saith,
“Lean on My breast,
And be secure from coming wrath,
And there find rest.”



PUT UP THE SWORD.

John 18: 11.

Put up the sword; it smells of blood,
The blood on which ambitions feed;
Drenching the earth with crimson flood,
Because of man's insatiate greed.

Put up the sword, 'tis wet with tears,
The tears of mother, wife, and child;
To whose sad hearts the weary years
Bring slow surcease to sorrows wild.

Put up the sword, and let it rust;
Its rule has been by far too long;
Let Love bring hope and joy and trust,
And all hearts sing Redemption's song.

Put up the sword into its sheath;
I came to save, not to destroy;
To suffer even unto death,
If God wills, is My highest joy.

Put up the sword, the angel song,
That rang out o'er Judean plains,
Shall ring till Right dethrones all wrong,
And Peace among all nations reigns.



BEHOLD A MAN!

John 19: 5.

Behold a man! O governor,
Untutored in the mystic lore
Of inner, vital human worth,
Aside from circumstance of birth,
What cult or philosophic school
Placed in thy hand the magic rule
By which to take, tho under ban,
The measure of a perfect man?

Behold a man! Does it not seem
More like the weirdness of a dream,
That one engrossed in civic strife,
Immured in all the lusts of life,
Possessed a vision that divines,
In spite of all untoward signs,
The hidden secrets that control
And make nobility of soul.

Behold a man! How far above
The wonder-worker He whose love
Could reach the outcast in her sin,
And see the womanhood within,
And recognize a spirit brave,
'Neath the habiliments of knave,
Who, tho despised as publican,
Was ne'ertheless at heart a man!

Behold a man! Inferior far
Is he, tho in his mind no bar,
In comprehending things sublime,
Can limit make in space or time,
To Him who would not be misled,
And scorned to turn the stones to bread,
Or win a world by might of sword,
And conquered by the written Word.

Behold a man! No epaulette,
Or crown with dazzling jewels set,
No kingly purple fold on fold,
Or gown of needlework of gold,
Could add a single charm or grace
To Him, tho marred in form and face,
Who stood a man, stripped by the mob,
Of His plain garb, a seamless robe.

Behold a man! When in the course
Of human hate and hellish force
The die was cast, His fate revealed
Thru words with meaning unconcealed,
He had the power to summon hence
A host of angels for defense,
Yet wavered not in duty's path,
And bared His head to all man's wrath.

Behold a man! The darkness grows
With the malignity of foes;
The traitor comes as from the abyss
And greets the Master with a kiss,
Leading the band with sword and spear,
And yet the Man with cross so near,
Declared 'neath flag of Rome unfurled,
I now have overcome the world.

"SUCH AS I HAVE GIVE I THEE."

Acts 3:6.

"Such as I have"—'t was at the gate
Called "Beautiful" where two souls met;
One stricken, poor, and desolate,
One wearing heaven's coronet.

"Such as I have"—no silver, gold,
No earthly goods, or wide domain;
The spoken "Name" brought gifts untold,
And better things than worldly gain.

"Such as I have"—a meager gift
In your dust-clouded eyes it seems;
A crippled soul it may uplift
To regions where the love-light gleams.

"Such as I have"—if but a smile,
A heart surcharged with carking care,
With lure of hope it may beguile
Before it sinks into despair.

"Such as I have"—perhaps a flower,
And yet if fragrant with your love,
A dormant soul it may give power
On purer altitudes to move.

"Such as I have"—do not withhold
The meager gift, the kindly word;
Love never can be bought with gold,
Nor silver win our common Lord.

THRU TRIBULATION.

Acts 14:22.

Friend, there is no royal highway
To the mountain peaks of life;
Every step means toil and struggle,
Every day brings moil and strife.

Is there gold within thy being?
God will send thee thru the fire,
Till He purge thy spirit-nature
Of the dross of base desire.

Is there wheat within thy garner?
All the mingled chaff and sand
God, the husbandman, will winnow
As He standeth fan in hand.

Does thy life bear any fruitage
For the Master's use and store?
With a pruning knife God cometh
That thou mayest yield the more.

Is there any music in thee?
Ope thy windows toward the skies;
God will make, with breath of heaven,
In thy heart sweet harmonies.

Is there burning in thy bosom
Zeal for higher, holier things?
God will fan thy spark of goodness
Till thy soul mounts up and sings.

Wouldst thou be a son of heaven,
Heir of God, joint heir with Christ?
Hold thou all that faith demandeth
Ready to be sacrificed.

Then be strong, my friend and brother,
Fear thou not the fan or rod,
Pruning knife or fiery furnace,
If thou seekest heaven and God.



WITHOUT ME YE DO NOTHING.

John 15:5.

How can I do without Thee,
My most gracious Friend and Lord?
Morn by morn my spirit listens
For a message from Thy Word;
Naught can make my heart rejoice
Like the music of Thy voice.

How can I do without Thee?
Every day seems long and drear,
When by faith I do not see Thee
In my pathway walking near;
When with Thee no day is long,
Thou who art my joy and song.

How can I do without Thee,
In the noonday's dust and heat,
When the thorns upon life's pathway
Pierce my weary, faltering feet;
Thou alone canst be my stay
In the toil and heat of day.

How can I do without Thee,
When the lengthening shadows fall,
And the somber shroud of darkness
Threatens soon to cover all?
If I walk with Thee in light,
To my soul can come no night.

How can I live without Thee?
Better not to be by far;
It is day without the sunshine,
It is night without a star;
Life without Thee all is vain;
Dust and dross its highest gain.



GOD FORESAW IT ALL.

Acts 15: 18.

War, the scourge of all the ages,
Making crimson history's pages,
Turning rivers into blood;
Sweeping hamlet, city, nation,
As the mighty desolation
Of a pestilential flood,
Still all races doth appall,—
And yet God foresaw it all.

Sickness, with its pain and sorrow,
Piercing like a poisoned arrow,
Thru man's quivering, dying frame,
Burning tissue, vein, and organ,
Like a veritable Gorgon,
With her forked tongue of flame,
Still to death and suffering call,—
And yet God foresaw it all.

Drink, the execrable dragon,
Flowing from the hellish flagon,
Drowning thousands in a day,
Ever making all creation
Groan with awful lamentation,
'Neath its dark, malignant sway,
Still its victims faint and fall,—
And yet God foresaw it all.

Sin, that lifts the hand of brother,
'Gainst his neighbor, father, mother,
And his weak, defenseless child,
Till the soul is without feeling,
And the brain is dizzy, reeling,
In a frenzy stark and wild,
O'er the earth hangs like a pall,—
And yet God foresaw it all.

Flood and famine, fire, disaster,
Each succeeding fast and faster,
Down millenniums of time;
Earthquakes, cyclones, visitations,
Bringing woe to men and nations,
With their horrors, want and crime,
Still this fated world befall,—
And yet God foresaw it all.

God of heaven, all-wise, eternal,
King supreme in realms supernal,
Toward what end do all things move?
Will there ever come a morrow,
After man's long night of sorrow,
When he'll know that Thou art Love?
And while earth was in sin's thrall
That Thou didst foresee it all?

Son of fate, Star of the Morning,
Robe of Seraph Thine adorning,
Wearing an imperial crown,
When forsaking highest heaven,
Sin forgiveless, unforgiven,
Casting all Thy glory down,
Ruin world-wide in Thy fall,—
Know thou God foresaw it all.

ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER
FOR GOOD.

Rom. 8:28.

The storm that brings the darkling cloud,
The light that bursts forth after rain;
The grief that leaves the spirit bowed,
The joy that follows after pain,
Each has its mission to fulfill
In doing God's all-righteous will.

The song of bird all thru the night,
The wailing of the Autumn wind;
The star that sheds its gentle light,
The cold that's to the poor unkind,
Each has its sphere and time and place
In God's economy of grace.

The sun that smites us by the day,
The night that brings us blessed rest,
The hand that guides us on our way,
The cares that oft our lives infest,
All are ordained of God above
To perfect us in trust and love.

The gladness of the waking spring,
The summer's heat that doth oppress;
The fruits the harvest time doth bring,
The winter's chill and bitterness,—
All these, if clearly understood,
But work together for our good.

THE SPIRIT'S VOICE.

I Cor. 2:10.

The Lord is in His holy temple,
Sang the psalmist long ago,
And thitherward I turned my footsteps
For the good He might bestow.

I heard the sweet-toned organ pealing
Sacred melodies of old;
At first it fell like angel-whispers,
Then like billows o'er me rolled.

The choir with seraph voices chanted
Hymns of faith and hope and love,
Until I almost felt transported
To the realms of song above.

The man of God with cross uplifted
Pointed to the Savior slain,
And pleading with a heavenly unction
That He die not thus in vain.

In all these things I caught faint echoes—
Intimations of the voice
Of Him whose words of cheer could only
Make my barren heart rejoice.

And in the silences of service
Came the Spirit-whispered word—
I am the One thy soul is seeking,
Still thy Friend, Redeemer, Lord.

And when the words of benediction
Sweetly o'er my spirit stole,
I said, God's temple is most surely
Heaven's gateway to my soul.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

1 Cor. 3:21.

The lily blooming at thy feet
To make thy spirit pure and sweet.

The gladsome song of bird in air
To teach a Heavenly Father's care.

The grass that withers in an hour
To show how brief thine earthly dower.

The glories of the early dawn
In daily toil to speed thee on.

The light of truth, the light of day,
To guide thy feet in wisdom's way.

The splendors of the evening sky
That tell thee thou wast born to die.

The sleepless hours of songless night
That ye may seek the truer light.

The mind's distress, the body's pain,
That work for thy eternal gain.

The toil, the struggle, and the strife
To chasten thee in heart and life.

The deep malignity of a foe
That pardon's sweetness thou mayst know.

Life's disappointment and despair
To win thee to the ways of prayer.

The heart's unrest without surcease
To make thee long for heaven's peace.

All things are yours, above, beneath,
The insect's chirp, the flower's breath;
The grasses billowed by the breeze,
The shade and solace of the trees;
The mountain peak, the laughing brook,
Each vale and glen and crannied nook,
Sequestered dell and flowery plain;
The clouds, the sunshine, and the rain.
The blush of morn, the dewy eve,
Where pearls and grasses interweave;
The storm's alarm, the thunder's shock,
The swelling flood, the bursting rock,
The fire that sweeps away thy wealth,
Disease that comes on thee by stealth;
The spirit's woe, the soul's regret,
The blinding tears thine eyelids wet;
Things present and all things to come,
All heaven's fruits, earth's little crumb;
All are but ministries of grace
That in God's mercy find a place
In His economy of love
To make us meet for worlds above.

Then faint not, follower of the Lord;
We have the thrice assuring word;
All things are yours, angels and men,
And life and death, all loss and gain;
All present joys, affliction's rods,
For ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.



THEN FACE TO FACE.

1 Cor. 13: 12.

How long the space
That separates from those we love
Who left us for the realms above!
They're safely mansioned in the skies,
And hidden from our mortal eyes,

But by and by the gates of gold
By loving hands will be unrolled,—
Then face to face.

In sweet embrace,
Long years ago I pressed the hand
Of one my heart could understand;
When buried lowly 'neath the sod,
I knew his spirit was with God,
When dawn on us the eternal years,
And God shall wipe away all tears,—
Then face to face.

O wondrous grace!
That in a Savior made complete
Unworthy man can be made sweet
To walk with beings robed in white
In heaven's own celestial light,
And holy saints and prophets old,
With gladsome eyes he shall behold
Then face to face.

Death comes apace!
O Christ, Thou Man of humble birth,
Who trod the thorny paths of earth,
May it be mine, when these eyes close
To human joys and human woes,
The lowly Man of Galilee,
Exalted and adored to see,
Then face to face.



TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

2 Cor. 4:7.

Early one morn I wandered forth
Upon the prairie wide,
Inbreathing fragrance of the spring,
With fancy for my guide.

Each blade of grass was bending low
With beads of sparkling dew,
And every drop was radiant
As pearls of varied hue.

Each petaled flower and fronded leaf
Was crowned with gems as rare
As ever shown in coronet,
Worn by a princess fair.

A few fast-fleeing hours had passed;
Again I came that way;
The gems and pearls had disappeared
Beneath the heat of day.

Where is the light that thru the dew
My admiration won?
It has returned, and dwells within
The bosom of the sun.

I wander 'mid my fellow-men;
I see the soul's fair ray
Shine out in eye and face and form
As clearly as the day.

But ere a score of fleeting years
Into the past are gone,
The Spirit's light in face and form,
Like dewdrop gems, has flown.

"Quo vadis," do I hear you say?
Not down into the grave
The spirit goes, but it returns
Unto the God who gave.

AS UNKNOWN, AND YET WELL-KNOWN.

2 Cor. 6: 9.

Unknown to him who only sees
Earth's blooming flowers and waving trees ;
Its soaring birds and humming bees,

These, only these and nothing more ;
And yet well-known to One above
Who watches over all in love,
In whom we live and act and move,
Upheld by His eternal power.

Unknown to him who doth behold
Naught else but earth's bewitching gold,
Whose touch oft makes the heart grow cold,

And blinds the eye to higher things ;
And yet well-known to One, the heir
Of all things beautiful and rare,
To mansions and a city fair
Where earth its richest treasure brings.

Unknown to those whose inner ear
Is far too dull and dead to hear
The music of the heavenly sphere

Above the world's distracting sound ;
Well-known to Him whose wondrous name
The angels, making skies aflame,
Announced His birth with loud acclaim,
To shepherds filled with awe profound.

Unknown to those of wayward feet,
Who thru the mire of Passion's street,
Tread ways that lead to Satan's seat,

While sin the soul defiles and mars ;
Well-known to those who seek to rise
On eagle wings to fairer skies,
And strive to win the heavenly prize,
A crown that shines above the stars.

TAKE UP THY NEIGHBOR'S BURDEN.

Gal. 6: 2.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
The thieves have taken all,
And left him bleeding, dying,
Too weak for help to call;
Let heartless priest and Levite
Haste to their empty shrine;
Do thou lift up thy brother,
Pour in the oil and wine.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
"Who is he?" dost thou ask!
The one who needs thy succor,
Who bends beneath his task;
The load that he is bearing
Once may have pressed with pain
The shoulder of another—
Transfer it once again.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
This lesson thou must learn:
The wheels of fortune stay not,
Invisibly they turn;
Thy riches may, to-morrow,
Take wings and fly away;
And he may lift thy burden
Whose thou shalt lift to-day.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
His name ye may not know;
A cross he may be bearing
To Golgotha's rough brow;
Then act the part of Simon,
Tho not compelled thou be,
And he whose cross thou bearest
Will give a crown to thee.

Take up thy neighbor's burden—
And do thy little part,
For Him who bore thy sorrows
On His great loving heart;
Refuse His cup of suffering—
Touch not its chrysmal rim,
And thou hast no communion
Or fellowship with Him.



FOR WE ARE HIS POEM.

Eph. 2 : 10—Literal Translation.

When God would teach a fallen race
The heights of love, the depths of grace,
He made the poet in whose eyes
The soul of beauty never dies,
And ever in whose listening ears
Echoes the music of the spheres.

Within his heart are hidden springs
To quench the nameless hungerings
Of fellow-men. To him is given
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven;
His soul is vexed by woes akin
To pains and penalties of sin.

He sees the mission of the cloud,
And looks beyond the winding shroud;
And while he hears the human cries
That break the silence of the skies,
All, all by him is understood;
He sees in all the eternal good.

At nature's banquets he is guest,
And leans his head upon her breast—
Hears mysteries unheard before,
Unfathomed secrets kept in store
Long ages. Voices come to him
From flower and tree and seraphim.

The storm, the wind, the evening breeze,
The river, mountain, plain, the seas,
Each has a message of its own
It whispers in his ear alone;
And he is its interpreter
To us poor, sordid mortals here.

Because of this the psalmist sang;
He knew man's every joy and pang;
He fell to depths of human woe,
And soared to heights we may not go;
He touched life's gamut, every string,
So only are we taught to sing.

Lord, break the heart, subdue the will;
Thy purpose in our lives fulfill;
Then be our journey short or long,
Let each life be a glorious song;
And we will each God's poem be
Thru time and all eternity.



THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

Eph. 3: 19.

The flowers bud and bloom and blow
In beauty at my feet;
What alchemy in earth below,
In sunshine, rain, and sleet,
Thus secretly doth make them grow
So fragrant, fair, and sweet?
I know they bloom and blow,
But how I do not know.

A million stars above me shine
In beauty in the night;
What wondrous chemistry divine,
What secret, subtle might,

In æons multiplied combine
To hold these orbs of light?
I know they move and glow,
But how I do not know.

A humble Man hangs on a tree
On Calvary's rugged hill,
And from His wounded side I see
The red-tide flowing still;
He shed His precious blood for me
Who did Him naught but ill;
I know He suffered so,
But how I do not know.

With heart with penitence aflame,
In deep and sore distress,
When I beheld the cross I came
To Jesus for release
From all my sinfulness and shame,
And He gave joy and peace.
He saves from sin and woe,
But how I do not know.



THE STIGMATA OF JESUS.

Gal. 6: 17.

The ugly brandmarks on my soul
Are self-inflicted from within,
When pharisaism, like a stole,
Concealed my unsuspected sin.

Now that I feel the vital urge
Of Him, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The rod, the stone, the bond, the scourge,
Are body stigmas of the strife.

THAT YOU MAY BE FILLED WITH ALL
THE FULLNESS OF GOD.

Eph. 3: 19.

A buttercup upon the sward
Opened its heart one sunny morn,
And tho there was no voice nor word,
It prayed, when by the heat o'erborne:—
Come pearly rain, come heavenly dew,
My leaves revive, my life renew;
Down came the rain in gentle pour,—
Three drops sufficed, 't would hold no more.

A modest daisy in a vale
Grew weary of the long, long night,
And in the shade of trees grew pale,
And bended low in prayer for light.
A strong wind parted branches green;
A flood of sunshine fell between—
The daisy's face at once grew bright;
One ray had filled its heart with light.

A bird lay on a downy nest
Upon a treetop swinging high;
For parent bird for food in quest,
Long gone, began to chirp and cry.
The cry that hardly stirred the air
For its small need was but a prayer.
The mother soon was at its side;
With three small crumbs 't was satisfied.

A son of God with tears and cries
And pleadings far into the night,
Prayed for that power that satisfies
And fills the soul with joy and light.

One little lattice in the sky
God opened with His hand of love,
And soon with heavenly ecstasy
His heart's great deep began to move;
It matters not how dark the night;
One window floods the soul with light.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Are Thine, O gracious Lord, all Thine,
Likewise the grain earth's storehouse fills,
And all the treasures of the mine;
And while the earth and man endure,
The covenant of God shall stand;—
Seed-time and harvest shall be sure,—
This promise none can countermand.
Will God the mortal body feed
And care not for the spirit's need?



“NOT AS THO I HAD ALREADY ATTAINED.”

Phil. 3: 12.

My feet are on the earth;
I tread its weary, way-worn plain,
And yet my eyes are on the heights
I long to gain.

I love the stars above
That glitter in my earthly night;
And yet my spirit, like the flower,
Seeks fuller light.

While in one hand I hold
The thing that never satisfies,
The other is outstretched to grasp
The heavenly prize.

My human heart holds dear
So much of earth I know is dross,
And yet I would not suffer grief
Over its loss.

My feet are on the earth
And mingle with its mire and clay,
And yet I long for wings to soar
The heavenly way.

And still I onward press,
Forgetting paths already trod,
Until I reach my calling high
Of Christ in God.



OUR CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN.

Phil. 3: 20.

The stamp of immortality
Is on the brow of man; his eye
Is kindled with a light whose ray
Is borrowed from a sphere where day
Hath neither morn nor evening, where
No sun nor star illumine the air;
Within its depths is seen a light
From realms unblighted by the night.

The voice of man hath in its tone
The ring of angels from the throne
Where choirs celestial soar and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With music mortals never knew,
With sounds and intonations true
That make the notes of seraphim
In heaven's universal hymn.

With mien and bearing of a God
In miniature man walks abroad;
Tho builded from the dust of earth,
In heaven his soul had primal birth;
Earth-born he penetrates the stars,
And nature, at his touch, unbars
Her deep and hidden mysteries;
Tho fire celestial almost dies
At times, within it always burns,
And with insatiable longing yearns,
And flames up toward forbidden heights
Where only seraphs make their flights.

He walks the earth, and breathes its air
Just as a shipwrecked mariner,
When cast upon an unknown strand,
With aimless footsteps treads the land,
With strange forebodings, and in quest
Of memory-pictured scenes and rest,
And finding none, in sorrow, he
Awaits beside the moaning sea
The coming of a friendly sail
To waft him with a favoring gale
Over the ocean's sun-lit foam
Again to his eternal home.



RESIGNATION.

Col. 3 : 3.

To Thee, O Christ, I all resign;
In shade or sun,
Help me to pray, "Thy will, not mine,
O Lord, be done."

It does not trouble me how long
I stay below;
When He to whom our souls belong
Says "Come," I 'll go.

I do not ask a happy lot,
While I may live;
I shall receive, and question not,
What Christ may give.

I do not ask to be exempt
From grief or pain;
God never doth afflict or tempt
But for our gain.

I do not ask to be at ease,
From labor freed;
To do whatever Christ shall please
I humbly plead.

I do not ask for worldly wealth,
Or fame to win,
I want the spirit's perfect health,—
Freedom from sin.

I fear no evils that portend
Year after year,
If only Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Be ever near.

I do not dread the silent grave,
The cold, damp tomb;
For He who died our souls to save
Dispelled its gloom.

When I, concealed by coffin lid,
Lie 'neath the sod,
May it be said, my life was hid
With Christ in God.

A LIVING EPISTLE.

Col. 3: 16.

Lord, open Thou my inner sight,
That with clear eye I may behold
The wonders in Thy statutes old,
Their hidden truth, their guiding light.

So prayed the psalmist old and wise,
The sacred bard of Israel,
Whose music thru the ages swell
To heaven in holy harmonies.

Mine eyes have often scanned the page,
Each living paragraph and line,
Where shines and burns the love divine,
The theme and marvel of the age.

But Lord, I want Thy Word to dwell
And live and move within my heart,
And form of all my being a part,
And unto holier things impel.

Thou art the Word, the living Word,
The word of truth that makes me free;
Come, live and move and speak in me,
And let Thy voice thru mine be heard.

Then shall the Spirit thru me speak
In demonstration of Thy power;
And heaven's higher gift and dower
Be brought to souls who hear and seek.

YE ASK AND RECEIVE NOT.

James 4: 3.

With hands concealing sordid gold,
The product of long, weary years,
Ye come with questionings and fears,
And ask to enter heaven's fold.

With hands that grasp a laurel wreath,
Flung at your feet in wild acclaim,
You ask that to a dying flame
Again may come the Spirit's breath.

With hands o'erflowing with the gems
Won from the deep, rich mines of earth,
Ye ask, like those of regal birth,
A crown with royal diadems.

With hands all filled with earthly dross,
How can ye grasp the heavenly prize?
Lift empty hands and weeping eyes,
For wealth of soul, to Calvary's Cross.



THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

Rev. 3: 20.

As evening darkened into night
A Stranger passed my humble door,
With limbs a-weary, feet a-sore,
But in His eye a tender light.

He looked on me with pleading face,
A look betokening desire
To sit beside my love-lit fire,
And in my heart find highest place.

I scanned His features o'er and o'er,
His sad, sad face, divinely sweet,
His nail-scarred hands, his wounded feet,
The wreath of thorns His fair brow wore.

Ah! who is this, my heart inquired,
That seeks to be my honored guest,
And give me love, and joy, and rest?
Is this the One my soul desired?

What marks are these I plainly trace,
The wounds upon His feet and hands,
The thorn-crowned brow? Are not these brands—
The sure insignia of disgrace?

A secret yearning filled my heart
While gazing on that woe-scarred face,
To bid Him welcome, yet, alas!
I rather looked than said, "Depart!"

With lingering feet He turned to go;
Distress shown in His downcast eye,
And from his lips escaped a sigh:—
He left me to a night of woe.

My spirit wanders still in night,
And vacant is its inner room;
No guest dispels its spectral gloom
With fellowship's sweet love and light.

Alas! the day when I was poor,
And Jesus at my heart did stand,
With untold riches in His hand,
And I dismissed Him from my door.

COUNT IT ALL JOY.

James 1:2.

It was a testing-time to Faith;
My hidden trespass stood revealed;
I sought again the olden path;
My sore iniquity was healed.

And now when in an evil hour
The Tempter balks me in the race,
I know the source of secret power,
The Fountain of renewing grace.



BEHOLD, HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR.

Rev. 3:20.

Behold, He standeth at the door!
It is the rosy morn of youth,
And He, the Way, the Life, the Truth,
Is gently knocking at thy heart;
He listens, and will not depart.
Dear child, ere come the evil days,
And Sin thy innocence betrays,
O, wilt thou not unloose the door?

Behold, He standeth at the door!
Years pass. It is the noon of life;
Thy soul is vexed with sin and strife.
There, 'mid the noontide's dust and heat,
With countenance so sadly sweet,
The Savior patiently doth stand,
Still knocking with that nail-scarred hand;
O, wilt thou not unloose the door?

Behold, He standeth at the door!
The evening sun declineth fast,
And manhood's prime is almost past;
And yet the Savior lingereth still,
While burning tears His eyelids fill.
He waits unweariedly to hear
The fall of footsteps drawing near—
O, wilt thou not unloose the door?

Behold, He standeth at the door!
Life's little day is almost done;
Its lingering sands drop one by one.
The night's chill dew is on His locks,
But still the Savior stands and knocks,
And ere death's darkening shadows fall,
He makes a last, sad, pitying call,—
O, wilt thou not unloose the door?

Behold, He standeth at the door!
And listens now with bated breath,
Yet all within is still as death.
The sleeping conscience feels no harm;
The will is dead, palsied the arm.
O, better hadst thou ne'er been born
Than thus a Savior's love to scorn:—
Thou canst not now unloose the door!



EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

Rev. 22: 20.

When purple morning breaketh
Along the eastern skies,
And early song bird waketh
To sweetest minstrelsies,
The Lord may come.

When noonday's heat distresses,
And makes us faint at heart,
And labor's load oppresses
In Mammon's busy mart,
The Lord may come.

When eve with rosy fingers
Tips all the hills with gold,
And twilight softly lingers
Upon the dewy wold,
The Lord may come.

When silent is the babel
Of earth at midnight hour,
And palace, hut, and stable
The darkness holds in power,
The Lord may come.

In clouds of wondrous splendor,
As chariots of fire,
And saints with voices tender,
As His attending choir,
The Lord may come.

Come, even so, Lord Jesus,
When it shall seem Thee best,
And from earth's thrall release us;
In this sweet dream we rest,
Till Thou shalt come.

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